



THE CASKET.

“ With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care.”

BY CHARLES CANDID.

VOL. I.

Saturday, May 9...1812.

No. 23.

EXTRACT FROM

“ THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF.”

ON GIVING AND RECEIVING OF VISITS.

At last, Mrs. Fidget being rested, they all prepared to go. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, now my poor mother will be happy again ! but she, good soul, seemed to have got quite fond of them in consequence of the extraordinary length of their stay : she could not now so easily part with them ; she was sure Mrs. Fidget could not be thoroughly rested : the clock had but just struck two : if they would but stay a little longer, my father would be home from his ride, and he would be *greatly mortified* to miss seeing them ; but nothing would do—go they must. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, now a fig for your friendship, Mrs. Fidget : what, not stay when my mother so earnestly presses it ! not stay, when she declares your going will mortify my worthy father ! No—nothing would stop them ; away they went ; not however indeed without sundry promises on their part soon to call again, and divers most earnest entreaties on my mother's, on *no account to forget it*.

They were scarce got out of the front door before my father entered : “ Are they really all gone at last ? ” says he, “ I thought they would have stayed till dooms-day : Who in the world, were they all ? ” “ O dear,” says my mother, “ why Mrs. Fidget and all her tribe : girls

and boy, and two pug dogs : " ‘thank my stars I escaped them,’ says my father. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, great symptoms of mortification my dear father shows at having had the misfortune to miss seeing them ! ‘I declare,’ says my mother, ‘it is abominable to break in upon one in this manner ; it was impossible to entertain such a groupe : so while Mrs. Fidget and I were in conversation, her young people and the dogs had nothing to do but to tease the bird, and dirty the furniture ; that little monkey of a boy is always in mischief ; I could freely have boxed his ears ; I thought he would have killed my poor bird ; I was in the midst of a letter to Caroline, and now it’s too late for the post ; how Mrs. Fidget can spend all her time in visiting and walking about in the manner she does, I cannot conceive : I am to take it as a great and singular favor, she tells me, as she always does every time she comes, thinking, I suppose, that I don’t know she is never at home ; I think she’ll lose that boy ; I never saw such a puny sickly child in my life :’ *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—O poor Mrs. Fidget—fine stout boy of its age !

My father, with a great deal of good breeding in general, was a plain, blunt man in the mode of expressing his sentiments : so that my mother had scarcely finished what she had to say, but my father burst out, “ tiresome moman,” says he “she ought to be confined ; she’s always wandering about with a tribe of children and dogs at her heels : there’s Mrs. Creepmouse is quite ill from her visits ; you know what a nervous creature she is.”

My father would have gone on ever so long probably in this strain, had not the servant entered with a note ; which my mother immediately opened, and read aloud ; the contents being to the following effect :

“ Mr. and Mrs. Meekin present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Dermont, and shall be extremely happy to have the honor of their company to dinner on Saturday next at five o’clock.”

Thinks-I-to-myself, how civil, polite, and obliging ! The servant was ordered to withdraw, and tell the messenger to wait. As soon as he was gone, “good God,” says my

father, "those *people* will never *let us alone*; surely we dined there last;" — my mother thought not; my father thought they were for ever dining there; my mother convinced him by a reference to a pocket book, that Mr. and Mrs. Meekin were quite right as to the balance of debtor and creditor: "well, only take care," says my father, "that we do not get into a habit of dining there above once or twice a year, at the utmost; it is really too great a sacrifice." "What, do you mean to go then?" says my mother. "Go," says my father, "why I suppose we *must*:" "I wish they were further," says my dear mother; "I wish they were at Jericho," says my dear father: "I had rather do any thing than go on Saturday," says my mother: "I had rather be hang'd than ever go," says my father, "it is such an intolerable bore," — "well," says my mother, "but the servant's waiting;" — so she took the pen, and away she wrote two or three lines in a moment; "there," says she to my father, "will that do;" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, short and sharp probably! my father, happily for me, read it aloud: "Mr. and Mrs. Dermont return their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Meekin, and will wait upon them with the *greatest pleasure* on Saturday to dinner." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, well done my sweet temper'd mamma! how *mild* and how *forgiving*! but my father surprised me most; instead of throwing it into the fire as I expected, he declared it would not only *do*, but do *vastly well*; he therefore sealed it himself, rang the bell, gave it to the servant, and desired that they would give their best compliments; "and mind," says he, "you ask the servant how they all do; be sure you make him understand." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what heavenly-mindedness! what christian charity.

I expected the servant every moment to return with an account of our friend's health; but no such thing: my father and mother seemed to have quite forgot they had made the inquiry. I ventured to remind them of the servant's neglect. "Ah!" says my father, "my boy, you *don't know the world*." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what's that to the purpose; but I never went further

than necessary. It seemed unaccountable to me what could be the nature of my father's and mother's sentiments and feelings, to send with such earnestness to ask how their friends did, and never want an answer: however, the servant did return soon after to bring some sandwiches, and my mother immediately asked him whether he had been careful to inquire how they all were, which the servant answered in the affirmative. Well, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, and how are they all then? no, not a word further; dead or alive, it seemed to be all one to my father, my mother, and the servant, not an item about the health of master or mistress, son or daughter, tho' I knew there was a house full of them: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, as sure as can be that fellow knows something of the world: but my contemplations were again broken in upon by the entrance of the servant with another note, which my mother broke open as she had done the other, and read as before.—*To be continued.*

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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R O V E R.....No. VII.

“E pluribus unum.”

SIR CHARLES,

You have understood that my ancestors were not only descended from Adam, but that they were a wandering race of mortals. Now, as I am a chip of the old block, I tell you that they and their posterity to the end of time were commissioned to search every nook and corner of life, and to hold up to public execration, whatever should be found of evil example.

The other morning I arose with the sun and took my accustomed tour. The incidents I met with were many, various and surprising. I passed through many ludicrous and disgusting scenes; saw some new faces; heard many strange voices, and much uncivil, bitter blasphemous and foolish conversation. But not knowing the names of those, whose actions and conversation I may have occasion to notice, I shall bestow upon each personage the appellation that first occurs, without re-

gard to sound or meaning. In the mean time, if any one supposes the halter fits his own neck, he is at full liberty to hang himself with it, provided he does not charge the murder upon me.

The first person I met was smooth Dicky, a weasel faced, snake eyed fellow. He took me by the hand with affected cordiality ; told me two dozen lies in half as many minutes, whispered in my ear a poisonous tale of slander, enjoined perpetual secrecy, and, with a consequential air, abruptly left me to propagate his falsehoods, abuse the patience of others, and corrupt the morals and manners of society. Characters of this description are not only common, but dangerous. Every honest man should shun them as he would the adder. Their example is venomous, and the wound it inflicts deep and deadly. It diminishes the value of truth, destroys confidence, love, friendship and esteem, and hastens the wreck of morals and society. Besides, lies and deception are bad passports to honest fame ; and calumny, slander and evil speaking will wound the conscience and eventually torture the spirit of the transgressor. Such people may indeed prosper for a season, and fatten on the lost reputation of others ; but their career is short. Disgrace will soon overtake them and dissolve the charm, which keeps the multitude in awe. Then will the world see them as the discerning saw them before—foul and polluted from head to feet.

In the midst of these reflections the cry of murder from a neighboring house assailed my ears. It was the voice of a female. I flew to her assistance. On opening the door, I found to my mortification, that it arose, not from fear of the murderous knife, but from a trifling difference between old Stuffy and his wife Idem. The conflict ceased, and they remained silent for twenty minutes, swelling with rage. Little Bille, the mean while, yelled vociferously. At length the tender mother broke out in a tempest of passion. The father flung spirits, instead of water, and thus maddened the fury. The case was this. Bille asked for a five dollar BANK-BILL, to play with, which his father had labored a week to earn.

He was refused in an angry tone. Bille bawled. Idem said he should have it. Stuffy said no. Then it was—"he shall" "he sha'n't"—"he shall"—"he sha'n't"—till they both fell at it, tongue, teeth and nails. In the scuffle, the Bill was torn into fifty pieces and destroyed. Finding all my attempts to quiet them, fruitless, I left the house in disgust. The pernicious and lasting consequences of family quarrels made a deep impression upon my heart. Why are they not prevented? I own the task is somewhat difficult; but peace and harmony may be made to prevail. We are too passionate, stubborn and willful; and have too much of the nature of the hog in us. It is much easier to coax, than to drive such animals. Good humor and prudence are the sunshine and balm of life.

While ruminating upon these domestic troubles, I was accosted by Bob Rattle, who invited me into an adjacent house. Here I found Messrs. Prattle, Snarle and Punch, and Doctors Doubty, Quack and Quirck, and about a dozen others, among whom were some who professed to be Scholars, Philosophers and Lawyers. Government, Law, Physic, Metaphysics, Ethics and Religion were the principle topics of conversation. My attention was soon arrested by a long visaged fellow, who exclaimed—"I never exaggerate. A teller of great stories is a liar; and every liar is a scoundrel, and ought not to commune with honest men." He directly began to relate his adventures. After some time he gravely observed—"I knew Adam when he was a little boy. I well remember the appearance of satan as he sate whispering in the ear of Eve. Never will it escape me, how, like a treacherous friend, the bloated, poisonous toad looked and acted when touched by the spear of Ithwriel." Thus he continued feasting a little circle, who greedily swallowed every word he uttered. With what wonderful facility does credulity change devils into cats, stumps into ghosts, old women into witches and men into fools? Publish to the world, that a race of mortals exist with enormous Pines growing from their backs, attested with the oath of three knaves, and five-eighths of mankind will believe it.

Prattle and Snarle were now in a warm debate with some of the company upon the impolicy of government. Snarle said that it was useless, and therefore impolitic;

that the restraints of law and order were burthensome, and therefore unjust. Prattle remarked that, all being born free and on a level, we ought to continue through life each equal to the other in all respects. Only break down the distinctions, cried Punch, and tear up the foundations of society, and we shall have lands and houses and servants and whiskey enow. Every rascal in community will then be a nabob, and every nabob a human devil. Doctor Doubty inquired how this equalizing system was to be affected. Whether the tall man's head was to be lopped off, or the short man's neck stretched? Whether the corpulent man was to be shaved down, or the lean man's skin stuffed? Besides, there are wise men and fools, learned and ignorant, industrious and idle, clowns, cutthroats and villians, and how are these to be balanced? Moreover, the laws of nature, which propel the air in currents, be therefore an evil, because the tempest sometimes shatters a house, or levels a forest? Is the order of the universe an evil, because it occasionally hides the sun from our sight? Just at this moment, the old village clock tolled nine, the signal of rest. I left them engaged, and retired to my Lodge, remarking to my foot boy—that an owl will be an owl still, though decorated with the peacock's plumes. Unco.

FRIEND CANDID,

"SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." I am one of that class who are born great; for my father was an eminent Dutch Justice of the Peace, and my mother the daughter of one of the most celebrated Pettifogger's in that part of the country where I resided. My parents were considered the most opulent in the village; their income being worth about 450 dollars per annum. Under these circumstances they considered it their duty, for the credit of the family, to live in some degree of *style*. Accordingly my father, being a stage proprietor, we always rode to Church, on a Sunday, in the stage—coach, drawn by four horses, and this, together with the pompous display of our wealth on every occasion, excited the admiration and envy of all our neighbors.

Being an only son, I, of course, was the darling of my parents, and received an education, much superior to that of my companions. At the age of sixteen, I was considered, by all the Dutchmen in the neighborhood, as a prodigy of *larnin*. I could read in a clear and distinct voice, that paragon of legislative wisdom, the Ten Pound Act, and fill up a warrant, without any assistance. A few unlucky mistakes, however, now and then took place ; for instance : I once inserted the Plaintiff's name in a warrant, instead of the Defendant's, and the poor man, in consequence, was brought by the constable a distance of five miles, to answer a demand which he himself had ordered to be sued. I remained in my father's office until I had obtained a complete knowledge of all the forms of business, when the old gentleman concluded to send me to this refined city, to " rub off the rust" of my country education, and in hopes that I might marry into some wealthy family, which would enable me to support our name with proper dignity.

On my arrival here, I commenced a fierce attack upon the ladies, but soon found, to my sorrow, that I had rivals to contend with, whose *larnin* as far surpassed mine as mine did that of my honest country neighbors. After being discarded by a number of wealthy ladies, I turned my attention towards those of a more humble state. Amidst the galaxy of beauty which surrounded me, Miss Laurelia Wearel shone pre-eminent, and I determined to make a first attempt upon her. She had received an education, similar to mine, and was as well read in Novels as I was in the law. I soon became enamored of her, but when I made my *declaration*, on the cause of action, her *plea* was such as to preclude all hopes of gaining my case speedily ; therefore, I was content to release Miss Wearel, with a hearty blessing, to some one better able to pay *costs of suit*.

My next attempt was aimed at the accomplished Miss Delia Newington, one of those book-worms whose reading is confined to Madam Glass' cookery. She talked very little ; but a young beau who talked a great deal, saved me the trouble of a long courtship, by marrying her. The last and most mortifying repulse which I re-

ceived, was from Miss Patience Prim. I had gallanted her to Meeting every Sunday, and exposed myself to the ridicule of all my neighbors for six months, when one of the *faithful* arrived from Nantucket, to whom it appears she was previously engaged. He called upon me to say that Miss Prim was a "*a thing of his own*," and begged me not to *cleave* unto her side any longer. It was then that I determined never to have any thing more to do with the fair sex, and my parents having been gathered to the tomb of their ancestors, I was left, with a small estate, to bustle alone in the world. I am now about 35 years of age, am quietly settled down in a snug family, where I amuse myself generally by reading and occasionally discussing the affairs of the nation with my landlord, or visiting the ladies, among whom I am still received politely, in consideration of former services. Sometimes my two friends call to see me, and then it is that we enjoy "the fruit of reason, and the flow of soul," for we are laughing Philosophers, as every one should be, who wishes to enjoy life.

Thus, friend Charles, I have fulfilled my promise. I could have made my narrative much longer, but I fear I shall tire you, and being already tired myself, I give up the subject. If any of your readers wish any further information, respecting me, they must seek it in some other quarter.

BENEDICT.

ORIGINAL POETRY....FOR THE CASKET.
DE ERUDITIONE.

Let others strive for fleeting wealth,
And grasp their fancied joys ;
Yes, let them barter peace, and health,
And life, for such vain toys.

These glittering gewgaws ne'er can give
One moment's ease from pain,
Nor calm the troubled mind ; nor save
From Pluto's dark domain.

Why then, pursue them ? quit your care,
O friends ! why toil in vain ?
Come and embark with me ; come share
In science's nobler gain.

This sacred theme invites my Muse
To try his feeble lays ;
In these elysian fields I choose
To pass my fleeting days.

'Tis here no discord breaks the tie
Of friendship's fond embrace ;
No spiteful breast nor envious eye,
Infests this lovely place.

Here antient Poets' noblest song
Regales the student's soul ;
No toys could please him half so long,
No gems nor shining gold.

The midnight taper, and the page,
Attest his fervent zeal ;
He culls the good from every age,
And learns to shun the ill.

The depths of science he descends,
With penetrating thought ;
Unravels to its utmost ends,
And solves the question sought.

His soul, transported, mounts on high,
With rapid wings upborne,
To hail the ruler of the sky,
Exalted on his throne.

She walks abroad, and views around,
The planets and the sun ;
Sees them to certain limits bound,
And learns what course they run.

Their orbs, by measure, she surveys,
Their distance, to resolve ;
Computes the number of the days,
Which takes them to revolve.

The mighty deeds of heroes too,
The student's mind employ :
And while he brings their scenes to view,
Participates their joy.

Demosthenes and Cicero,
 Are lively to his sense,
 And seem to cause his lips to flow
 With streams of eloquence.
 Such virtuous sages, though they're gone,
 Their precepts stay behind ;
 Whose daily reading, like the dawn,
 Illumes the youthful mind.
 Such dear companions I'm resolv'd,
 Shall be my constant guests ;
 In whose converse my soul involv'd,
 Will have a constant feast.

O may these hours glide gently on,
 Nor haste their rapid flight :
 Stop, stay sweet moment, oh ! 'tis gone,
 To everlasting night.

PHILO-LOGOS.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

Methinks I hear the solemn knell
 Of some departed soul !
 That bids this empty world farewell,
 And flies beyond the pole.

The feeble wings of sense must stay
 And tarry far behind ;
 Nor thought pursue the hidden way,
 Nor trace her unconfin'd.

Quick as the light that brings the day,
 She mounts to yonder sky ;
 O ! could she come, and softly say
 What 'tis for man to die.

But ah ! no tongue can e'er unfold
 What souls, departing feel ;
 Or sure some friend, ere now, had told
 What yet they all conceal.

But stay, my soul, no further pry,
 Where God will not reveal ;
 For thou shalt know what 'tis to die,
 And what the dead conceal.

Hail, happy hour ! come glorious day !
When I shall take my flight ;
Then shall I wing the unknown way,
To yonder realms of light.

Obituary.

DIED, in this city, on the 5th inst. Mrs. DEBORAH BEMENT, consort of Mr. William Bement, in the 37th year of her age.

She possessed, in an unusual degree, the love of her family, to whom she was a most invaluable and excellent wife and mother, and the esteem of all her acquaintance, to whom she was a frank and faithful friend. Her character was spotless. Though called away very suddenly, and though she did not apprehend her immediate danger until a short time before her death, still she viewed her departure with unmoved composure, and professed a tender reliance on the merits of her Redeemer, for happiness beyond the grave.

Her situation in life, gave her repeated opportunities to display the kindness of her nature, and her charitable disposition. The strangers, who were nourished and relieved, by her benevolent charity, will cherish her memory with gratitude.

To her family and friends, her loss is unspeakably great. They mourn the death of a guide and support; of one who devoted herself, with uncommon zeal, to all those duties which could make them comfortable and happy.

The sincere regret that is generally felt, is the best comment upon her worth; and the sympathy that has been discovered for her bereaved family, will excuse this tribute to her memory, by her afflicted and affectionate Son.

Printed and published by C. N. BEMENT, Hudson.